CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS

NO. 63

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IN THIS ISSUE
"THE PARROT STRIKES!"
A·FULL·LENGTH·ACTION·THRILLER

CAPTAIN AMERICA
VS. THE "TENPINS OF TERROR!"
SL-1628

After CLASSES AT THE LEE SCHOOL, WE FIND STEVE ROGERS AND BETSY ROSS ON AN IMPORTANT ERRAND...
THE DEAN IS DEPENDING ON US TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE SCHOOL!
I'M SURE MY FRIEND MAYDA VAN POOLE WILL HELP US!
LATER, IN THE VAN POOLE HOME...
I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP, BETSY! WHY NOT PUT ON AN EXHIBIT AND CHARGE ADMISSION? I'LL SHOW YOU THE THINGS YOU CAN BORROW FROM MY COLLECTION OF RARE ITEMS!
RARE STAMPS! OLD COINS! FIRST EDITIONS!
THEY'LL MAKE A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION!
COUSIN HUBERT!
DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD LEND THOSE PRICELESS THINGS TO ANY RIFFRAFF THAT WALKS IN?
RIFFRAFF? US?
YOU'RE INSULTING MY FRIENDS, HUBERT! WHAT'S MORE, I OWN THIS HOUSE! DAD'S WILL ONLY SAID YOU COULD LIVE IN IT! SO WHAT I DO IS MY OWN BUSINESS!
OKAY, OKAY! FORGET WHAT I SAID!
I'LL SEND THE THINGS OVER TOMORROW AND I'LL COME AND HELP YOU DISPLAY THEM, BETSY!
YOU'RE A PEACH, MAYDA!
NEXT DAY, AT THE LEE SCHOOL...
CLASSES ARE OVER, BUCKY! LET'S SEE HOW BETSY AND MAYDA ARE GETTING ALONG WITH THE EXHIBIT!
RIGHT, STEVE!
2

MEANWHILE, IN THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM...
EXHIBIT OF VAN POOLE COLLECTION
SOME OF THESE THINGS MUST BE VERY VALUABLE, MAYDA!
YES, BETSY! THESE RARE OLD STAMPS, FOR INSTANCE ARE WORTH $50,000! AND THIS ANCIENT ROMAN COIN WAS QUOTED AT $32,000!
AND HERE'S A FIRST EDITION OF RIP VAN WINKLE!
I REMEMBER THE STORY--- HOW HE MET SOME GNOMES IN THE CATSKILLS, AND FELL ASLEEP AND WOKE UP TWENTY YEARS LATER!
RIP VAN WINKLE BY WASHINGTON IRVING
AND THEN, AS IF STEPPING OUT OF THE PAGES OF THE BOOK ITSELF!
YES, LADIES, THAT IS MY STORY!
WHY--- WHY--- IT LOOKS LIKE RIP VAN WINKLE HIMSELF!
NOW QUIET, LADIES, WHILE MY GNOMES COLLECT THE STUFF!
GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS A ROBBERY!
MEANWHILE STEVE AND BUCKY ARRIVE, AND...
LOOK, STEVE! SOMETHING'S GOING ON IN THERE!
GET READY FOR ACTION, KID!
3

THEN!
MEDDLERS, EH?
BANG!
BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO SHOOT AGAIN, MISTER...
THE GNOMES RUSH TO THE AID OF THEIR MASTER!
HOLD HIM!
DRAG HIM DOWN!
GRAB HIM!
BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA FLEXES HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES, AND...
I HATE TO HIT SUCH LITTLE GUYS! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE JUJITSU?
THESE PEBBLES! MAYBE IT'LL WORK!
PEBBLE MONEY OF TAGALI NATIVES

HEY!
WHA?
CRACK!
WHY TAKE THE GIRL?
WE·NEED HER TO TELL US WHAT THESE THINGS ARE WORTH! OFF TO THE CATSKILLS!
WOW! WHAT A HARD CRANIUM YOU GOT, CAP!
YOU SHOULD TALK! I NEARLY WENT OUT COLD!
THEY TOOK ALL THE THINGS! AND MAYDA IS IN THEIR HANDS! TRACK THEM DOWN, CAPTAIN AMERICA... **PLEASE!** THEY SAID THEY WERE GOING TO THE CATSKILLS!
LET'S GO, KID!
GOSH, CAP! D'YOU THINK THEY REALLY HAVE A HIDE-OUT IN THE CATSKILLS? THAT'S A BIG RANGE OF MOUNTAINS!
SOME JOB TO SEARCH THEM!
WAIT A MINUTE, BUCKY! A CROOK LIKE THAT USING A RIP VAN WINKLE DISGUISE, IS THE EGO-MANIAC TYPE! THINKS HE'S **SMART!** THAT NAME... CATSKILLS... COULD IT MEAN...?

Soon...
C'MON, KID! I HAVE A HUNCH THERE'S AN OLD ABANDONED HOUSE ACROSS THE TRACKS!
THIS ONE? BUT IT SAYS "KAATSKILLS"!
THAT'S THE OLD SPELLING OF CATSKILLS! THIS USED TO BE AN INN! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THIS IS THEIR HIDEOUT!
THE KAATSKILLS
RUMBLE...
RUMBLE...
CRASH!
SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER COMING OUT!
DON'T YOU GET IT, BUCKY! THINK OF THE STORY OF RIP VAN WINKLE! HOW HE GOT LOST AND HEARD THUNDER! BUT IT WASN'T THUNDER... IT WAS THE SOUND OF THE GNOMES BOWLING!
AND THERE THEY ARE!
HOLY SMOKE!
NOW TO LIST THE STOLEN ITEMS! YOU'LL HELP ME, MY DEAR, OR I'LL SWING THIS BOWLING BALL AT YOU... AND IT WOULD HURT!
Then...
UGH! YOU AGAIN!
YES, IT DOES HURT, DOESN'T IT?
KONK!

GET THEM!
HERE GOES MY HOOK BALL!
STRIKE!
WHAM!
RIP IS RUNNING FOR IT!
But THE CUNNING CRIMINAL HAS LED THEM INTO A TRAP!
A NET!
YES, FOOLS! I WAS PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES!
NOW ALL TOGETHER, BOYS!
HEAVE HO! HEAVE HO!
THIS DYNAMITE WILL BLOW THE HOUSE TO BITS, AND COVER MY TRAIL COMPLETELY!

C'MON, BOYS! WE'LL TAKE THE STUFF TO DON JUAREZ, THE "FENCE"! HE'LL GIVE US A GOOD PRICE! GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN AMERICA! **HA HA!**
HISSING DOOM FACES CAPTAIN AMERICA, BUCKY, AND MAYDA VAN POOLE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!
EASY, MAYDA! DON'T GET HYSTERICAL!
SSSSSSSSSSSSSS
TRAPPED!
OOF! CAN'T RIP IT! TOO STRONG!
BUCKY! WE'VE GOT ONE SLIM CHANCE! MAKE THE NET SWING BACK AND FORTH!
FASTER, BUCKY... **FASTER!**
BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA, CAP?
JUST THIS, KID- I WANT TO BREAK THIS WINDOW! NOW CATCH A PIECE, BUCKY, BEFORE WE SWING AWAY!

GOT IT, CAP!
BOY, THAT WAS USING THE OLD NOODLE, CAP! NOW WE CAN CUT OUR WAY FREE!
WOW! GOT THAT FUSE OUT JUST IN TIME!
PSSST!
WE'RE SAFE! BUT RIP VAN WINKLE GOT AWAY!
NO, HE DIDN'T! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO DON JUAREZ! I KNOW WHERE HE HAS HIS SHOP! HE TRIED TO SELL ME SOME STOLEN GOODS ONCE!
The GIRL LEADS THEM TO THE "FENCE"!
HERE'S THE PLACE!
YOU STAY OUT HERE, MAYDA! BUCKY AND I WILL HANDLE THIS!
within...
AH! THE VAN POOLE COLLECTION? GOOD STUFF! HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?
ALL I CAN GET! I WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR IT, WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA ON MY TRAIL!

AND, BROTHER, YOUR TROUBLE IS JUST BEGINNING, **WITH ME**!
SMASH!
ANOTHER STRIKE! I'M GETTING GOOD AT THIS GAME!
...AND THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU TWO!
Then...
NOW OFF WITH YOUR DISGUISE! AH, JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
(GASP!) **COUSIN HUBERT! HE** WAS THE THIEF!
HE WAS JEALOUS OF YOU, MAYDA! AND HE SAW HIS CHANCE TO STEAL THE COLLECTION AND MAKE A FORTUNE!
AND THESE GNOMES, CAP... THEY'RE JUST SOME SAWED-OFF THUGS THAT HUBERT HIRED, DRESSED UP AS GNOMES! THEY ALL GO TO JAIL, INCLUDING DON JUAREZ! WHAT A HAUL!
THANKS, CAPTAIN AMERICA! NOW BETSY CAN USE THE COLLECTION AND OPEN THE EXHIBIT, FOR THE LEE SCHOOL FUND!
STEVE ROGERS WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT TOO"!
THE END

DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

THE tall, primly dressed man stood by the oblong jewelry case, looking at the rings and brooches. A soft brown homburg was tilted at a rakish angle on his head; a few streaks of gray hair lined his temples. He carried a thin walking cane hooked over his left arm.

"I'd like to see some rings, some diamond rings," he said casually to the clerk. "Your best ones, please."

The mousey looking clerk sized up the man swiftly. "Yes, sir."

From the safe behind the counter he produced a tray of rings. He placed this tray in front of the man, who began immediately to pick over the rings with a somewhat practiced air.

"I don't think these will do," he said finally to the clerk. "Have you any others, any better ones?"

"Yes, sir. Just a moment." The clerk turned back to the safe.

As he did so, the man passed his hand over the tray, quite casually, but one of the rings was missing when the tray could be seen again. It was one of the largest, which had been in a corner position. And because of that fact, it was not noticeable to the clerk when he returned with another assortment of rings.

The man mused over the others for a long moment. "I'm sorry," he said calmly, "but you don't seem to have what I want. Thank you very much."

He turned and began to stroll nonchalantly away, swinging the cane. The clerk picked up the trays, and suddenly caught his breath sharply. The sight of the empty slot in the black velvet was a blow to him, almost as forcible as a man's fist. He paled and motioned frantically with his hand to a man who was standing languidly by the elevator doors. This innocent looking fellow was Dodge Cottrell, the store detective. The clerk pointed toward the man with the brown homburg who was almost to the front revolving door. With long gangling strides Dodge moved forward and overtook him just as he was about to go through the door.

He spoke politely, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to go back to the jewelry counter with me. I'm Dodge Cottrell, store detective. There seems to be some confusion here."

The man stiffened angrily as Dodge spoke. This is going to be tough, Dodge thought. This guy is a smooth customer.

Moving closer to Dodge the man said: "What's the meaning of this? I'm Anthony J. Caruthers."

Dodge smiled wearily. "I don't care who you are. You'll have to come back with me to the jewelry counter. I'm sure everything can be explained satisfactorily."

Caruthers' eyes snapped angrily. Several of the people going in and out of the store eyed them curiously. But he walked back with Dodge.

The little clerk was bouncing from one foot to the other in nervous excitement. "One of the rings is gone! I don't understand it!" He showed the tray to Dodge, pointing to the empty spot with a trembling finger. "*He* must have taken it!"

"Are you accusing me of stealing?"

"We're not accusing you of anything . . . yet. Let's go up to the manager's office. I wouldn't argue if I were you."

Anthony J. Caruthers preceded Dodge into the elevator. It was crowded and as Dodge was shoved against him he had a momentary impulse to hold onto Caruthers' arm. But he shrugged it off. Not yet. If he *hadn't* taken the ring, he would have a sweet case of assault and battery. Either the guy was innocent or he was a good actor.

At the manager's office Dodge opened the door and Caruthers brushed stiffly past him into the room. Carrol, the manager looked up from his desk. He was a tall, thin man, bald headed on the back of his head. His eyes were slightly puffed and he looked as if he needed sleep badly. "What's the trouble?" he asked in a low voice.

"This is Mr. Anthony J. Caruthers," Dodge said. "He was looking at some rings downstairs, and one of them vanished—unfortunately."

"But I haven't got the ring!" Caruthers exclaimed.

"We'll see." Dodge walked over and began to go through his coat pockets.

Caruthers began to mutter under his breath something that sounded like false arrest and assault and battery. Dodge couldn't find the ring and sweat suddenly beaded his forehead. It would be rough on the store if Caruthers were telling the truth.

Carrol had a worried frown on his face as Dodge stepped away. "Well?"

"Can't find anything. It beats me."

"I don't understand," said Carrol.

"You *will* in the morning when you see my attorney!"

"Start taking off your clothes," Dodge said.

"What!"

"You heard me. The ring is gone. All the trays are kept full. It *has* to be somewhere. Rings don't just up and vanish into thin air."

Caruthers didn't answer. He laid his cane down on a small table by the window. Then he took off his hat. Dodge started out of the door.

"Watch him," he told Carrol. "I'm going downstairs and check again. He might have ditched it somewhere."

Dodge started at the jewelry counter and traced the path Caruthers had taken to the front door. No luck. Back at the counter he talked to the clerk.

"Find anything?" he asked Dodge.

"Nary a thing. Beats me. What is he, a magician or something?" Shaking his head sadly, Dodge continued the search until he again stood outside Carrol's door. He went inside.

"Couldn't find a thing," he told Carrol.

"And he didn't have the ring on him, either," Carrol groaned. "What are we going to do?"

"I guess we'll have to let him go."

"See you in the morning, gentlemen, with my attorney. This little incident should cost you at least one hundred thousand dollars. It was very entertaining and profitable—for *me*."

Dodge opened the door for Caruthers, who was bowing stiffly to Carrol. Suddenly as he stood waiting, something clicked in Dodge's brain. And he knew. What a stupid, clumsy oaf you are, he told himsef.

The elevator was still crowded as they went down and he was jammed against Caruthers. They walked toward the door with the crowd, and Dodge didn't say anything. On the sidewalk outside the store Dodge turned to Caruthers.

"All right," Dodge said smoothly, "back into the store."

"Wh . . . what's the matter with you?" There was a red flush of angry surprise on his face.

"Don't argue! Back into the store, I said. And keep away from me. A good three feet."

Sputtering angrily, Caruthers did as he was told. This time they did not take the elevator, but walked up the four flights to Carrol's office. Dodge kept away from Caruthers, and not once did he have a chance to touch Dodge.

Inside the office, Carrol looked up from the desk again. "Not again!" he exclaimed. "After he gets through suing us, we won't have enough dough left to open a peanut stand!"

"He's *not* going to sue anybody. Not where he's going! Let's have the ring, Caruthers, and be quick about it!"

Caruthers tossed the ring on the desk and Carrol gasped. "Your Mr. Cottrell is a very clever man," Caruthers said smiling thinly.

"I still don't get it," Carrol muttered. "Where was the ring? Where did he get it after we searched him?"

"In my pocket," Dodge said, "where he put it when we came up in the elevator. I never thought to search myself. Then he snitched it back again, going down. A clean little law suit wasn't enough; he wanted the *ring*, too. Call the cops, Carrol."

And Carrol began to dial the telephone!

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA
"The PARROT STRIKES!"
SL-1406

AT THE LEE SCHOOL, AN IMPORTANT NOTICE IS PUT ON THE BULLETIN BOARD...
BULLETIN BOARD
CLASSES TO BE TRANSFERRED TO NEW WING
MR. JOHN LEE, CLASS 3A
MISS LINDA SHORES " 3B
MR. STEVE ROGERS " 4A
MISS BETSY ROSS " 4B
MISS ANN SMITH " 5A
OH LOOK, STEVE! YOU AND I ARE BOTH GOING TO HAVE CLASSROOMS IN THE NEW WING!
YES, IF IT'S EVER FINISHED!
THERE'S SUCH A SHORTAGE OF BUILDING MATERIALS THAT THE NEW WING IS BEING DELAYED!
THERE'S JOAN CHAWSON, MY OLD SCHOOL CHUM! SHE AND HER FATHER ARE THE CONTRACTORS FOR THE NEW WING!
CHAWSON CONTRACTOR
HI, BETSY!
HELLO, JOAN! WE'D LIKE TO KNOW WHEN THE NEW WING WILL BE FINISHED!
VERY SOON NOW!
WE'RE GETTING A NEW SUPPLY OF LUMBER BY BOAT, ENOUGH TO FINISH THE WING! YOU TEACHERS CAN MOVE IN, IN A MONTH!
GOOD!
I'M GOING TO THE DOCKS RIGHT NOW, TO SEE IF THE SHIP CAME IN! WANT TO COME ALONG?
CLASSES ARE OVER FOR THE DAY! LET'S GO!

Meanwhile OVER AT THE DOCKS, ANOTHER PERSON IS INTERESTED IN THE CARGO OF LUMBER! MEET MR. POLLY!
THESE PEANUTS ARE TASTY, EH, FIGARO?
TASTY! AWRK!
BUT NOW IT'S MY TURN! YUM, YUM!
YUM, YUM!
AW, C'MON, BOSS! AIN'T IT TIME TO GET THE LUMBER?
QUITE RIGHT... QUITE RIGHT! BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!
EASY NOW! LET IT DOWN GENTLY!
HERE IS THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP!
CAPTAIN SALTERS? I REPRESENT THE CHAWSON CONTRACTING COMPANY! I HAVE MY TRUCKS READY TO TAKE THE LUMBER AWAY!
I DON'T KNOW YOU! HAVE YOU ANY CREDENTIALS?
CREDENTIALS HE WANTS, FIGARO! YOU HOLD THE BAG, WHILE I BRING OUT MY CREDENTIALS!
DOES THIS SATISFY YOU, FOOL? I'M TAKING THE LUMBER! AND IF YOU OBJECT, YOU GET THIS KNIFE IN YOUR RIBS, UNDERSTAND?
SO, YOU'RE A CROOK!

NOW ORDER YOUR MEN TO LOAD THE TRUCKS, **OR ELSE**!
LOAD THE TRUCKS, MEN!
AYE, SIR!
THE CAPTAIN HAS BEEN A GOOD BOY AND OBEYED! BUT WE DON'T NEED HIM ANY LONGER, DO WE, FIGARO?
NO LONGER! AWRK!
NOW WE CAN GET BACK TO OUR PEANUTS, FIGARO! THE TRUCKS ARE BEING LOADED WITH THE LUMBER!
At THAT MOMENT...
OUR LUMBER! IT'S BEING LOADED ON TRUCKS! BUT **WE DIDN'T SEND** OUR TRUCKS YET!
STOP! THERE'S SOME MISTAKE... ***OHHH!***
BEAT IT, SISTER!
THE FIGHTING DUO PREPARES FOR ACTION!
SOMETHING ROTTEN'S GOING ON, BUCKY!
I HEAR YOU TALKING!
WOW! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HEY, MR. POLLY! WE'RE IN **TROUBLE**!
4

GET THEM! HURRY! BUT NO GUNPLAY! WE DON'T WANT TO BRING THE POLICE!
OKAY, BOSS!
CAP! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED!
THIS WAY, BUCKY!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, CAP?
QUICK, BUCKY! LIFT THIS LONG BOARD!
I GOT IT, CAP! HEAVE HO!
OOF!
NOW THE ODDS ARE EVEN!

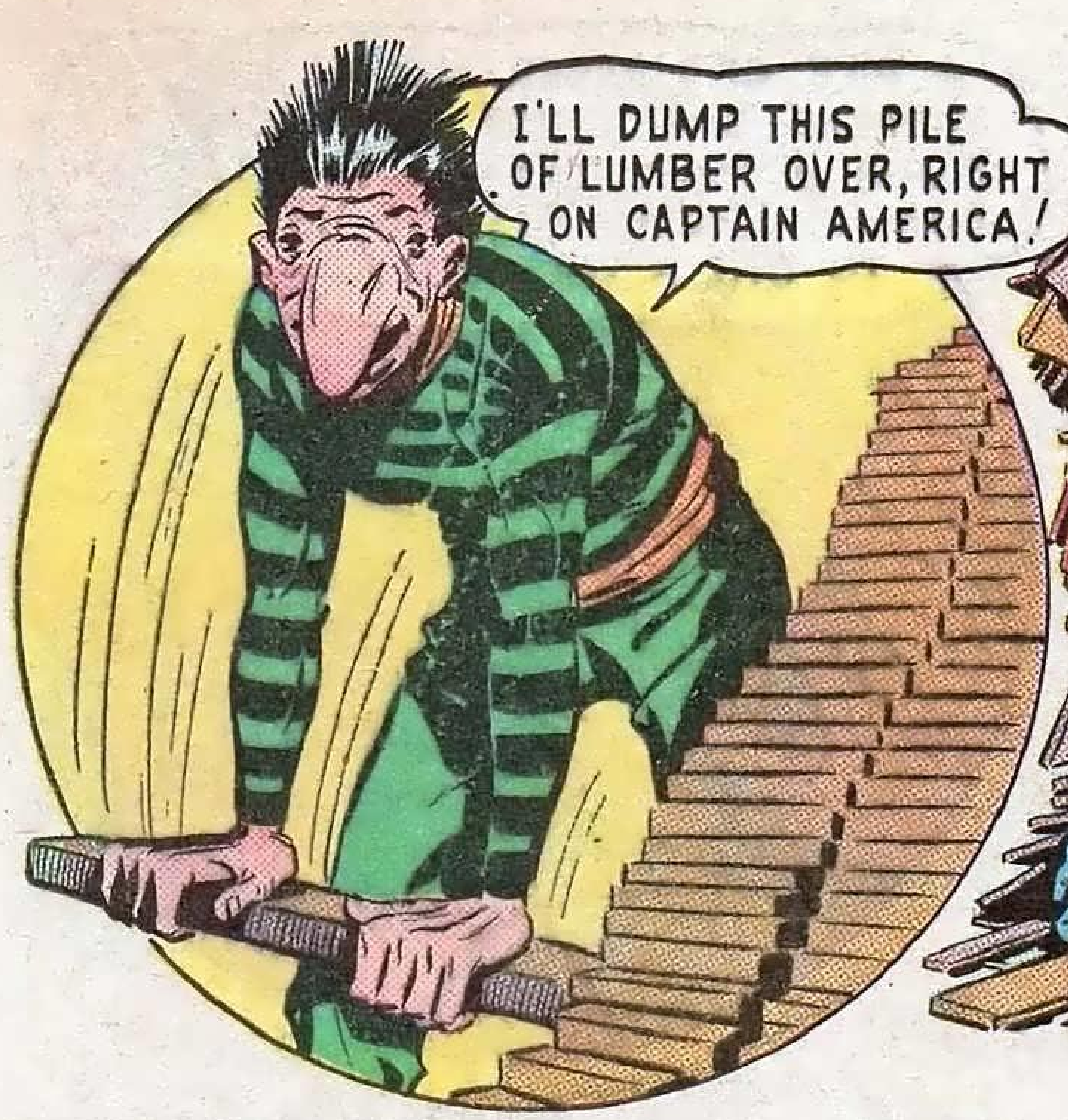
SO THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS DECIDED TO MEDDLE WITH MR. POLLY ?
THE BOSS OF THE GANG! HE LOOKS LIKE A... A HUMAN PARROT!
IN WHAT WAY SHALL WE DISPOSE OF THEM, FIGARO ?
AWRK! PECK OUT THEIR EYES!
EXACTLY! YOU PECK THEIR EYES, FIGARO, WHILE I DASH FOR THIS TRUCK!
GET HIM!
AWRK! AWRK!
HEY!
The PARROT HAS GIVEN MR. POLLY TIME TO JUMP IN THE TRUCK, AND...
NOW TO RUN THEM DOWN!
CAP! LOOK OUT!
BAH! MISSED THEM! BUT THIS GIVES MY MEN TIME TO REACH THE OTHER TRUCKS!

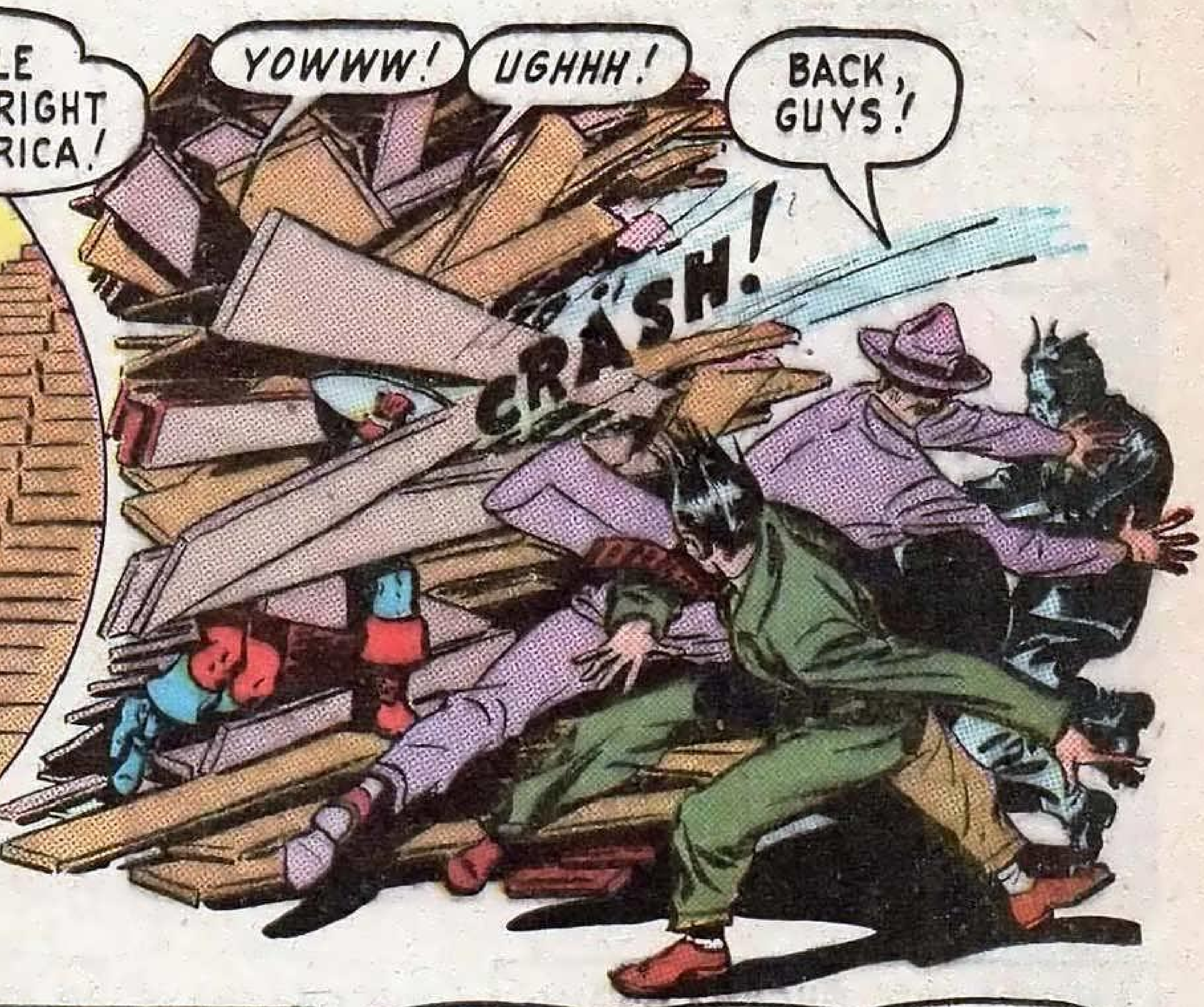
THE HENCHMEN, HAVING RECOVERED, FOLLOW THEIR LEADER WITH THE HIJACKED LUMBER!
SHIP LINES
FREIGHT LOADING
FULL SPEED AWAY!
WE HAVE MOST OF THE LUMBER! AND LUMBER IS VALUABLE IN THE BLACK MARKET, EH, FIGARO
AWRK!
COME ON, BUCKY! WE'LL CHASE THEM IN THIS CAR!
YOU CAN'T! ONE OF MY TIRES WENT FLAT!
Then!
LOOK! HE KILLED CAPTAIN SALTERS!
THE NEW WING OF THE LEE SCHOOL WON'T BE FINISHED SOON AFTER ALL! I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO THE NEW CLASSROOM SO MUCH!
YOU TURN UP AT THE ODDEST TIMES, CAPTAIN AMERICA! HOW DID YOU---?
ER...WE JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING! I'LL REPORT THIS MURDER AND THEN GO AFTER THE KILLER!
THE NEXT DAY...
CHAWSON CONTRACTORS
NO WORKING GOING ON, ON THE NEW WING! JOAN AND HER FATHER DEPENDED ON THAT LUMBER SO MUCH!

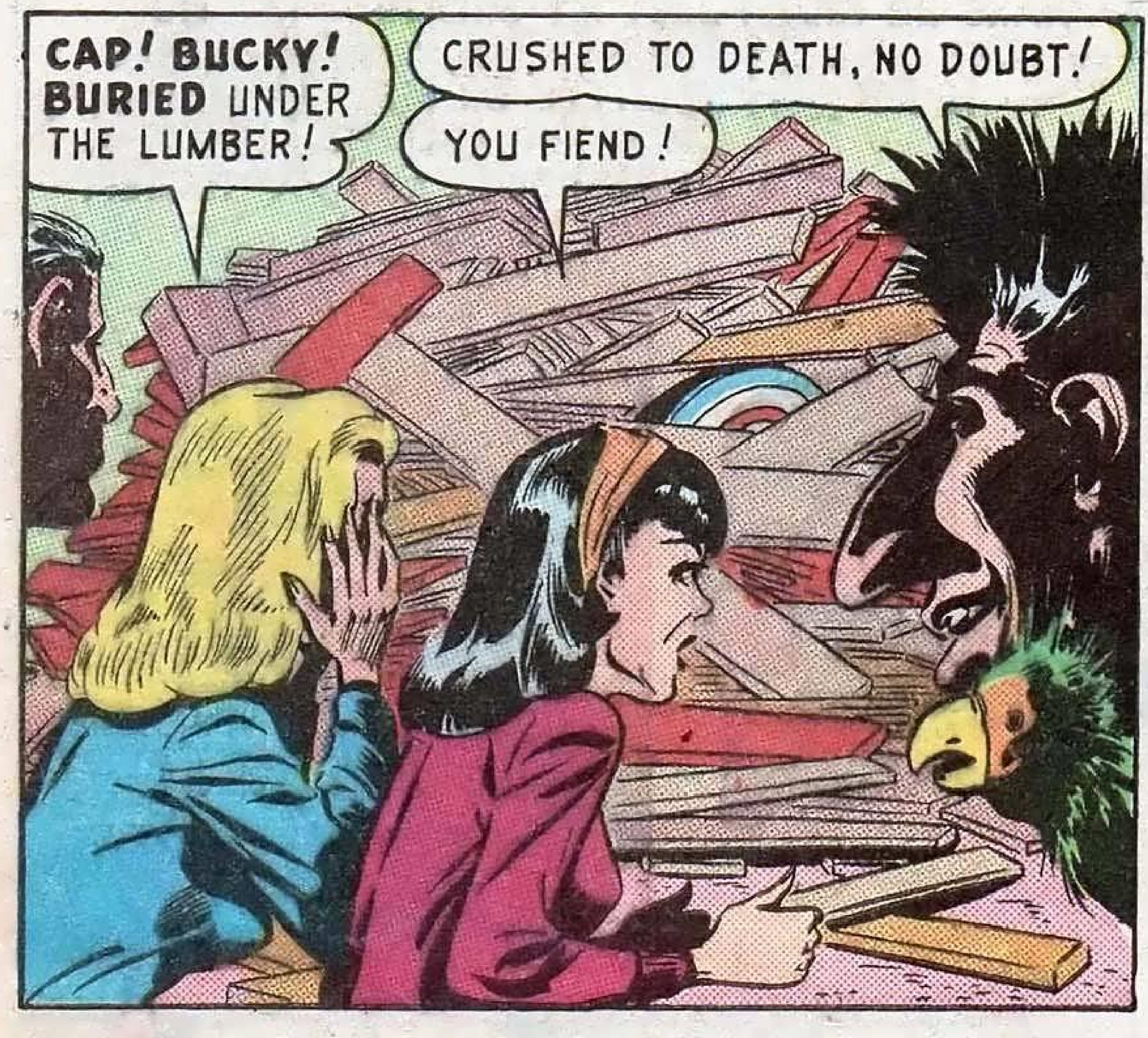
HELLO, BETSY! WE TRIED, BUT WE CAN'T GET ANOTHER STICK OF LUMBER ANYWHERE!
WE'RE STUCK! WE CAN'T GO AHEAD!
CHEER UP, JOAN! MAYBE THE POLICE WILL TRACK DOWN MR. POLLY!
HEY, LOOK! MR. POLLY'S PARROT!
HE TRAINED HIS PARROT TO BRING MESSAGES, LIKE A CARRIER PIGEON! IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU, MR. CHAWSON!
If you still want the lumber, and will pay my price, follow Figaro! Hold the string on his leg! Bring a blank check! Mr. Polly
I'M DESPERATE! I'LL PAY ANYTHING FOR THE LUMBER! I'LL MAKE OUT A BLANK CHECK!
BUT, FATHER! THAT'S DEALING WITH A CROOK IN THE BLACK MARKET!
LET HIM GO THROUGH WITH IT, JOAN! I THINK THAT'S THE WAY A CERTAIN FRIEND OF MINE WOULD LIKE IT— CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WELL, IF YOU SAY SO, STEVE!
I'LL DELIVER THE CHECK, FATHER!
IT'S DANGEROUS, JOAN! I'M GOING WITH YOU!
CHAWSON CONTRACTORS

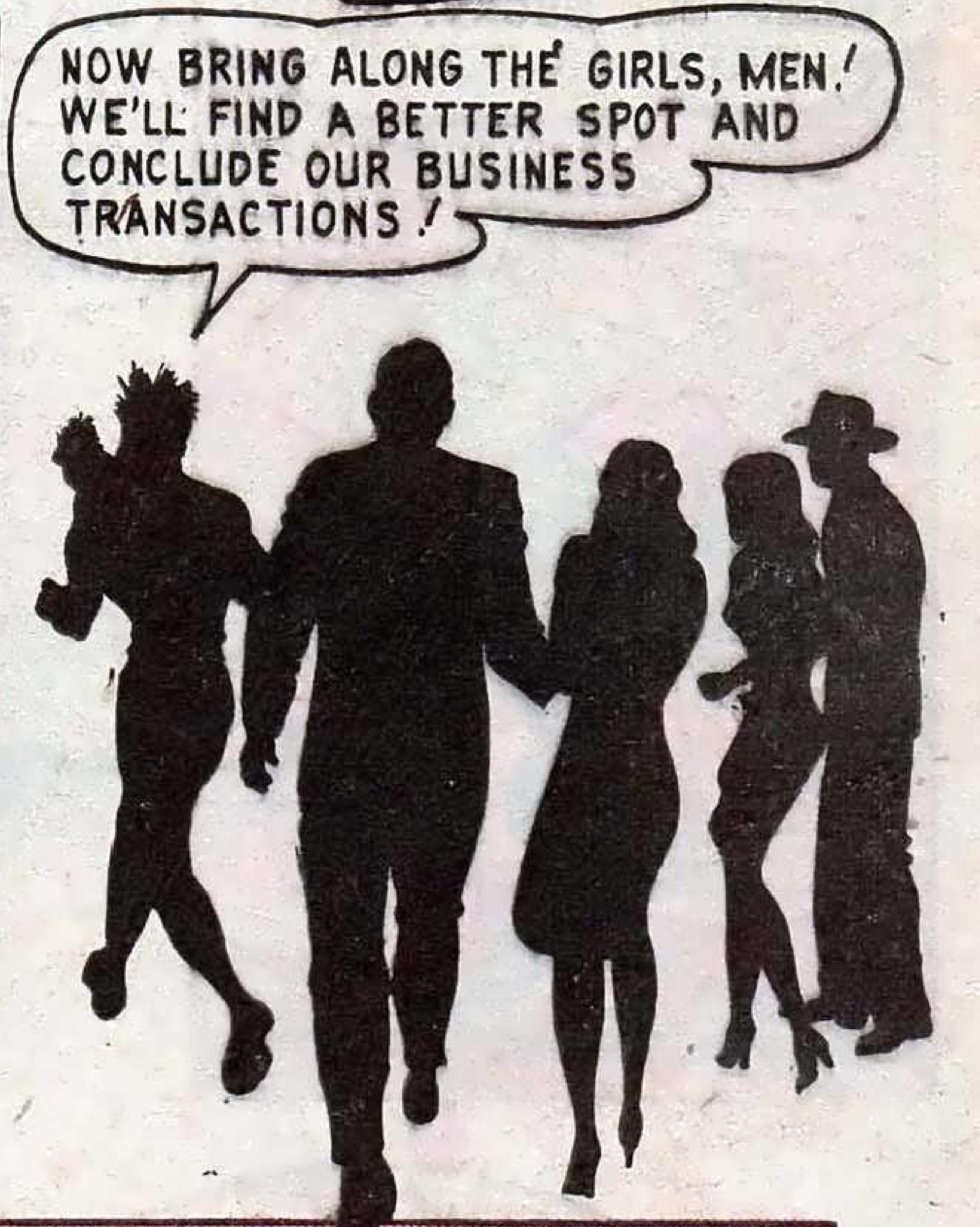
A MOMENT LATER, IN SECLUSION...
WHY LET TWO GIRLS WALK RIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF A CROOK?
WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW! HURRY AND CHANGE!
THE PARROT WILL LEAD US TO MR. POLLY! AND WE NEED THE GIRLS AS DECOYS!
The PARROT LEADS JOAN AND BETSY OUT OF THE CITY, AND...
THERE'S ALL THE STOLEN LUMBER!
IN AN ABANDONED ROCK QUARRY!
AND INSIDE THE QUARRY...
YUM! THESE PEANUTS ARE GOOD! ANY SIGN OF FIGARO YET?
YEH, MR. POLLY! HERE HE COMES WITH TWO GIRLS!
GOOD BOY, FIGARO!
LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THE LUMBER?
SUPPOSE WE SAY $10,000?
WHAT? BUT THAT'S THREE TIMES WHAT IT'S WORTH, YOU CHISELER!
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT! WE HAVE THE UPPER HAND, HAVEN'T WE, FIGARO?
UPPER HAND! AWRK!

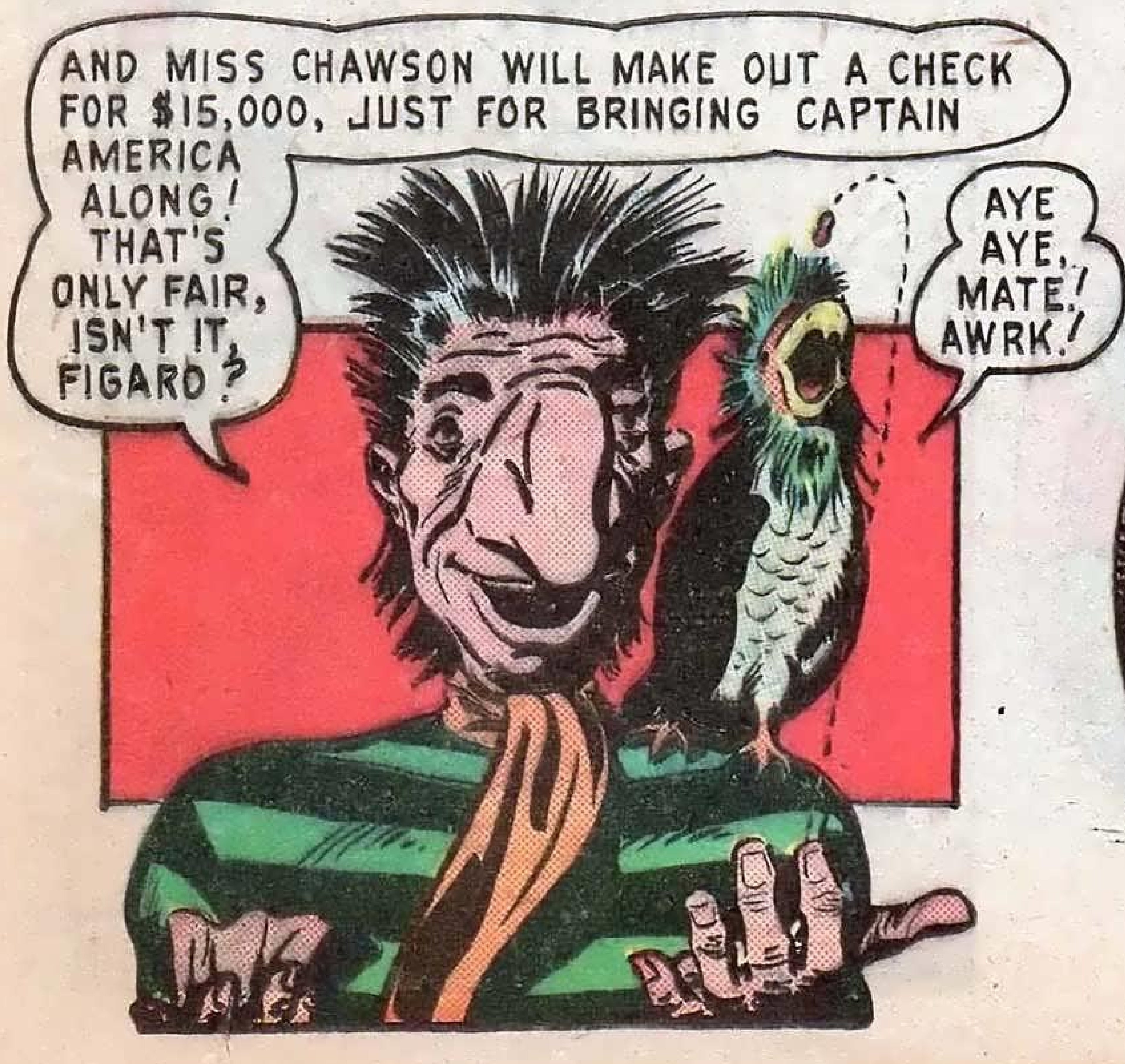
A CHALLENGING VOICE SAYS OTHERWISE!
HAVE YOU, CHUM?
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
RIDDLE HIM!
HOPE BUCKY KNOWS WHAT TO DO!
THEN!
TIMBER!
YIII!
GOOD WORK, BUCKY! NOW WE'VE GOT 'EM RATTLED!
BAH! THEY'RE MAKING MONKEYS OF MY MEN! BUT I'VE GOT AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE!
AND AS THE GIRLS PURSUE MR. POLLY...
MR. POLLY IS... EEK!
OH!
GOOD! STOP THEM, FIGARO!

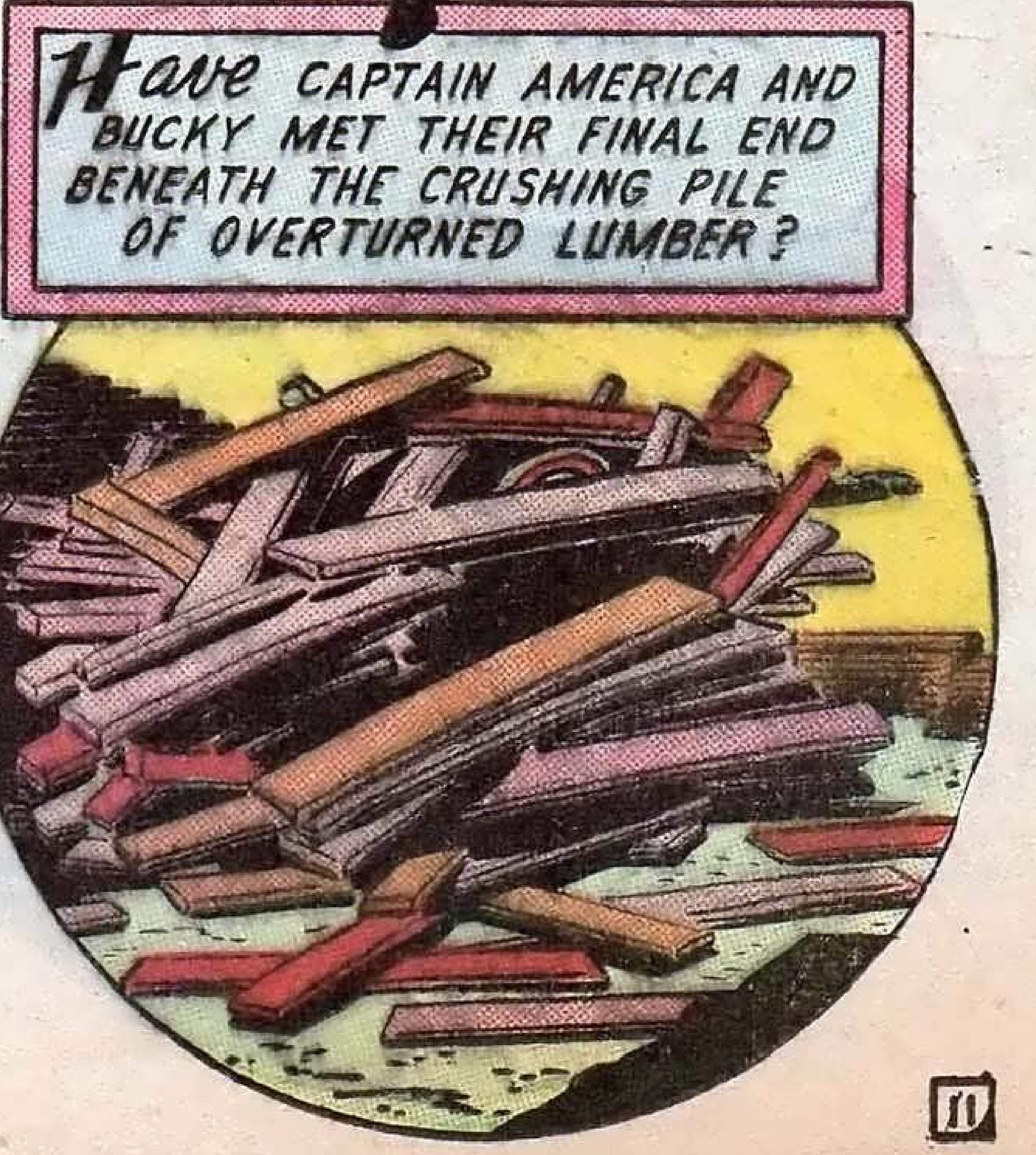

I'LL DUMP THIS PILE OF LUMBER OVER, RIGHT ON CAPTAIN AMERICA!


YOWWW!
UGHHH!
BACK, GUYS!
CRASH!


CAP! BUCKY! BURIED UNDER THE LUMBER!
CRUSHED TO DEATH, NO DOUBT!
YOU FIEND!


NOW BRING ALONG THE GIRLS, MEN! WE'LL FIND A BETTER SPOT AND CONCLUDE OUR BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS!


AND MISS CHAWSON WILL MAKE OUT A CHECK FOR $15,000, JUST FOR BRINGING CAPTAIN AMERICA ALONG! THAT'S ONLY FAIR, ISN'T IT, FIGARO?
AYE AYE, MATE! AWRK!


Have CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY MET THEIR FINAL END BENEATH THE CRUSHING PILE OF OVERTURNED LUMBER?

But UNDER THE BRUISING LOAD, THERE IS A STIR OF LIFE!
(GROAN!) W-WHAT HAPPENED? FELT LIKE A MOUNTAIN FELL ON US!
A PILE OF LUMBER! LOOKS LIKE A MIRACLE SAVED US! THIS HEAVY BEAM BLOCKED OFF ALL THE OTHER BOARDS FROM CRUSHING US! GOT TO DIG A WAY OUT!
FREE! BUT BUCKY! BADLY HURT? OR DEAD?
BUCKY! WAKE UP, KID! ARE YOU HURT BADLY?
UH--- UH--- (GROAN!) (GASP!)
JUST MY BREATH KNOCKED OUT, CAP! YOU FELL ON ME WHEN THE LUMBER CAME DOWN, AND YOU'RE NO LIGHTWEIGHT!
NO BONES BROKEN! WHAT A RELIEF, KID!
THE GIRLS ARE GONE! WHERE DID MR. POLLY TAKE THEM?
CAP! LOOK! PEANUT SHELLS!
HE'S ALWAYS EATING PEANUTS, AND TOSSING THE SHELLS ASIDE!
A PERFECT TRAIL! HURRY, BUCKY!

Meanwhile...
THANKS FOR THE $15,000! THE LUMBER IS YOURS AFTER I CASH THIS CHECK!
Suddenly
YAHOO!
YOU LUGS TOO - INTO THE TRUCK!
SOCK!
CRACK!
THEY'RE COMING AT ME NOW! WHAT'LL WE DO, FIGARO?
AWRK! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!
POLLY WANT A CRACK?
Soon...
DON'T THEY LOOK PRETTY? ALL TIED UP FOR JAIL!
THE LEE SCHOOL GETS ITS NEW CLASSROOM AFTER ALL, THANKS TO CAPTAIN AMERICA!
IT'S THE BRIG FOR US, MATES! AWRK!
AW, SHADDAP!
13
THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH
From the shadow of the gallows comes a cunning spirit, bent on revenge and destruction. Herself impervious to the flaming death she disperses in her path! Above all, she vows to destroy **Torch** and **Toro**, who unknowingly are lured into her trap in...
"THE THREAT OF THE ASBESTOS LADY!"
SL-1548

Torch and Toro ARE PRESENT AS THE STATE EXACTS ITS LAST OUNCE OF JUSTICE ON KILLER MURDOCK!
ALL RIGHT, SPRING THE TRAP!
ZING
But IN THE HIGH PITCH OF EXCITEMENT, ONE OTHER SPECTATOR ESCAPES NOTICE!
OHHHHH!
IF YOU TWO HADN'T CAUGHT HIM, WE NEVER COULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO JUSTICE!
WELL, THAT ENDS THAT CASE!
JUSTICE, EH! I'LL TEACH THOSE TWO JUSTICE! MY KIND OF JUSTICE! FOR HANGING MY TWIN BROTHER!
THAT NIGHT...
I CALLED YOU GUYS IN ON THIS BECAUSE YOU WERE MY BROTHER'S PALS!
BUT FIRST I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
THIS!

AN ASBESTOS SUIT!
IT'S PRETTY... BUT WHAT'S IT FOR?
WOO! WOO! ARE YOU GOING TO A COSTUME PARTY?
OKAY! OKAY! LET'S CUT THE COMEDY--THIS ISN'T A GAG! **I'M OUT TO GET THE HUMAN TORCH!** NOW LISTEN...
A WEEK LATER...
LOOK! OUR RADIO SIGNAL! THERE GOES OUR VACATION!
CALLING **TORCH** AND **TORO!** ACTRESS PAULA GODDIT KIDNAPPED... LAST SEEN ON THE OLD SIMMS ROAD!
In A FLASH, THE HUNT BEGINS!
WE'LL HEAD FOR THE OLD SIMMS ROAD, EH, TORCH?
WE'LL KEEP GOING DOWN THIS ROAD UNTIL WE SPOT SOMETHING!
CHECK! I'LL TAKE THAT SIDE!
Meanwhile, A COUPLE OF MILES DOWN THE ROAD...
HERE THEY COME! JUST AS WE HAD PLANNED! STAY OUT OF SIGHT!

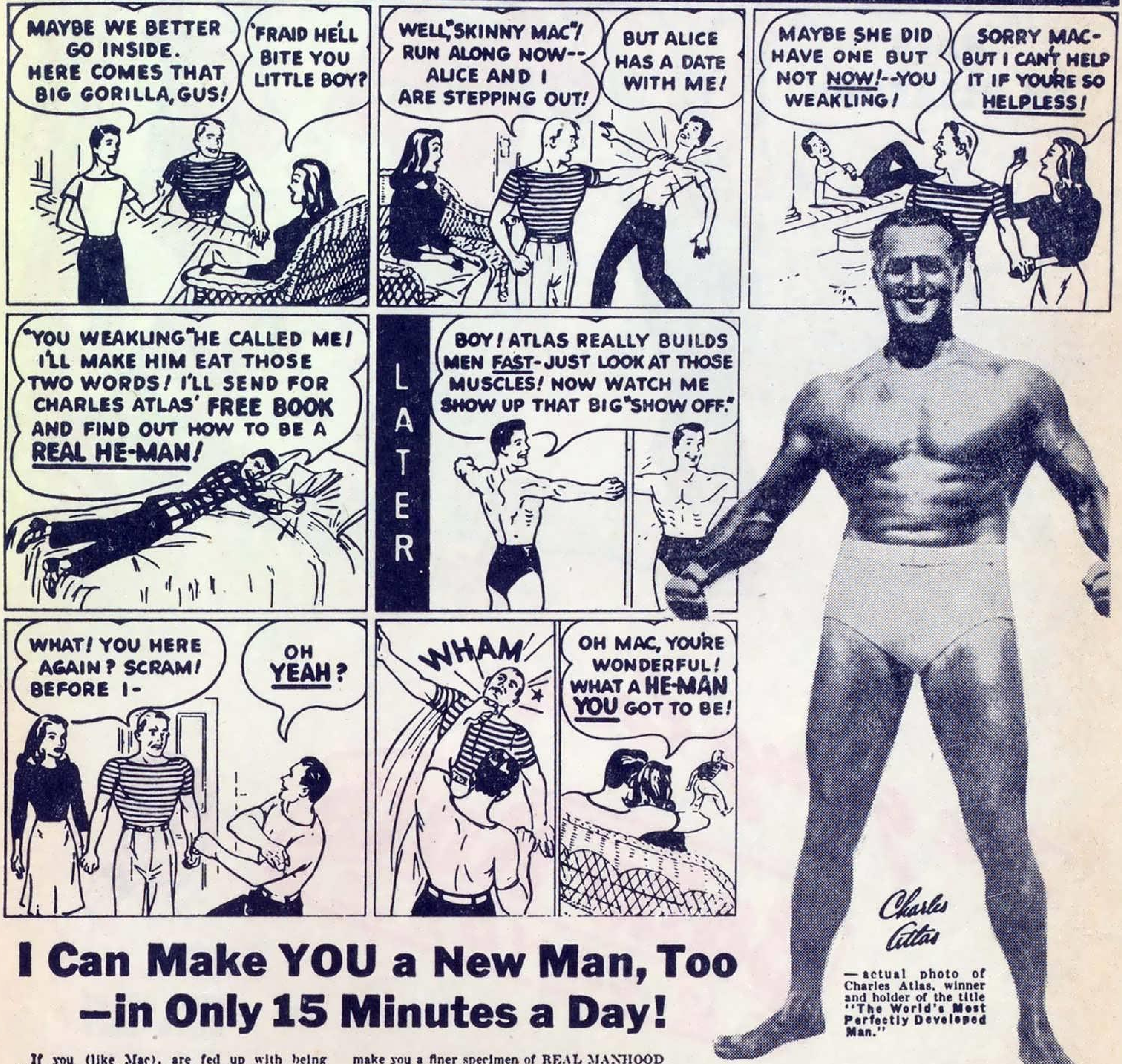
OKAY, GLAMOURPUSS! YOU'RE FREE NOW! LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN HIT THE ROAD!
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
KEEP YOUR BIG YAP SHUT, JACQUES! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
WHY DID SHE CUT MY ROPES? C-CAN THEY BE PLANNING TO SHOOT ME AS I FLEE?
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! **I'VE GOT TO!**
TORCH AND **TORO**! OH, THANK GOODNESS!
LOOK! IT'S PAULA GODDIT!
QUICK! WHERE ARE THE KIDNAPPERS?
THAT'S THE SHACK THEY KEPT ME IN!
LET'S GO!
HERE THEY COME NOW! AT LAST, THE MOMENT I'VE WAITED FOR!
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, YOU START TALKING AND WE'LL START LISTENING!

SUDDENLY... WITHOUT WARNING, A DIABOLICAL TRAP DROPS DOWN...
WHA...! A GLASS CAGE!
YOWWW!
YES--GLASS! FIREPROOF, BULLETPROOF GLASS! NOW I HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU!
SEE THIS BRIGHT LITTLE GADGET? MY BROTHER PICKED IT UP IN GERMANY DURING THE OCCUPATION! JUST ONE LITTLE PUSH AND IT DISINTEGRATES ALL FORMS OF LIFE! JACQUES, OPEN THE CAGE DOOR!
The ASBESTOS-COVERED GIRL ENTERS THE CAGE!
IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU TWO, MY TWIN BROTHER WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT AND THEN HUNG! I'VE SWORN TO AVENGE HIS DEATH!
SO THAT'S IT, EH?
SHE MUST BE KILLER MURDOCK'S SISTER!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, LADS! MY ASBESTOS SUIT WILL PROTECT ME FROM YOUR FLAME AND THE TERRIFIC ENERGY OF THIS RAY GUN! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, HOTSHOTS!
GOLLY, TORCH! IT LOOKS LIKE THIS IS CURTAINS FOR US!
STEADY, LAD!
5

YOU MADE JUST ONE MISTAKE, MISS MURDOCK!
SUDDENLY, TORCH HURLS A BLAZING FIREBALL!
YOU FORGOT TO MAKE SURE THAT YOUR DIABOLICAL WEAPON IS FIREPROOF!
JACQUES! SMILEY! LIFTER! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? LET 'EM HAVE IT!
THE SLUGS ARE MELTING BEFORE THEY EVEN TOUCH THOSE FIRE-GUYS!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT... I STILL HAVE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE! QUICK! OUT OF THE CAGE, BOYS!
AS FOR YOU TWO, THE LONGER YOU STAY IN THAT CAGE, THE WEAKER YOUR FLAMES WILL GROW, UNTIL, FINALLY, BULLETS WILL FIND YOUR HEART!
Suddenly...
OKAY, YOU GUYS! DROP YOUR PEA-SHOOTERS!
LOOK! THE COPS!

The POLICE COLLAR THE THUGS AND GO TO WORK ON THE CAGE! THEN...
HEY! THERE GOES THE CHICK! QUICK! LET'S GET HER!
I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET THAT ACTRESS GET AWAY! IT WAS HER THAT GOT THE COPS!
THE ASBESTOS-GARBED GIRL QUICKLY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION...
C'MON, TORO! WE'VE BEEN ASLEEP LONG ENOUGH! AFTER HER!
THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!
LUCKY I LEFT THIS CAR HERE! I'LL BE ABLE TO LAY LOW TILL THE HULLABALOO DIES DOWN!
A FRUITLESS HOUR OF SEARCHING...
LOOKS LIKE SHE GOT AWAY THIS TIME, TORCH!
YES! SOMEDAY SOON I SHALL COME BACK, AND NEXT TIME I SHALL NOT FAIL!
TORCH AND TORO SHALL DIE! I, THE ASBESTOS LADY, SWEAR IT!
I HAVE A FEELING SHE'LL TURN UP AGAIN, KID! THAT KIND ALWAYS DOES!
Vowing VENGEANCE, THE ASBESTOS LADY VANISHES INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT-- UNTIL... UNTIL... WHO CAN SAY?
The End
SAC

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!


MAYBE WE BETTER GO INSIDE. HERE COMES THAT BIG GORILLA, GUS!
'FRAID HE'LL BITE YOU LITTLE BOY?
WELL,"SKINNY MAC"! RUN ALONG NOW--ALICE AND I ARE STEPPING OUT!
BUT ALICE HAS A DATE WITH ME!
MAYBE SHE DID HAVE ONE BUT NOT NOW!--YOU WEAKLING!
SORRY MAC-BUT I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU'RE SO HELPLESS!
"YOU WEAKLING" HE CALLED ME! I'LL MAKE HIM EAT THOSE TWO WORDS! I'LL SEND FOR CHARLES ATLAS' FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT HOW TO BE A REAL HE-MAN!
LATER
BOY! ATLAS REALLY BUILDS MEN FAST-JUST LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES! NOW WATCH ME SHOW UP THAT BIG "SHOW OFF."
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? SCRAM! BEFORE I-
OH YEAH?
WHAM
OH MAC, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! WHAT A HE-MAN YOU GOT TO BE!

Charles Atlas

—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, pepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, **"Dynamic Tension."** It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using **"Dynamic Tension"** only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps —yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after — in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book — FREE. It tells all about **"Dynamic Tension."** Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally. Charles Atlas, Dept. 605 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 605
115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of **"Dynamic Tension"** will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name...
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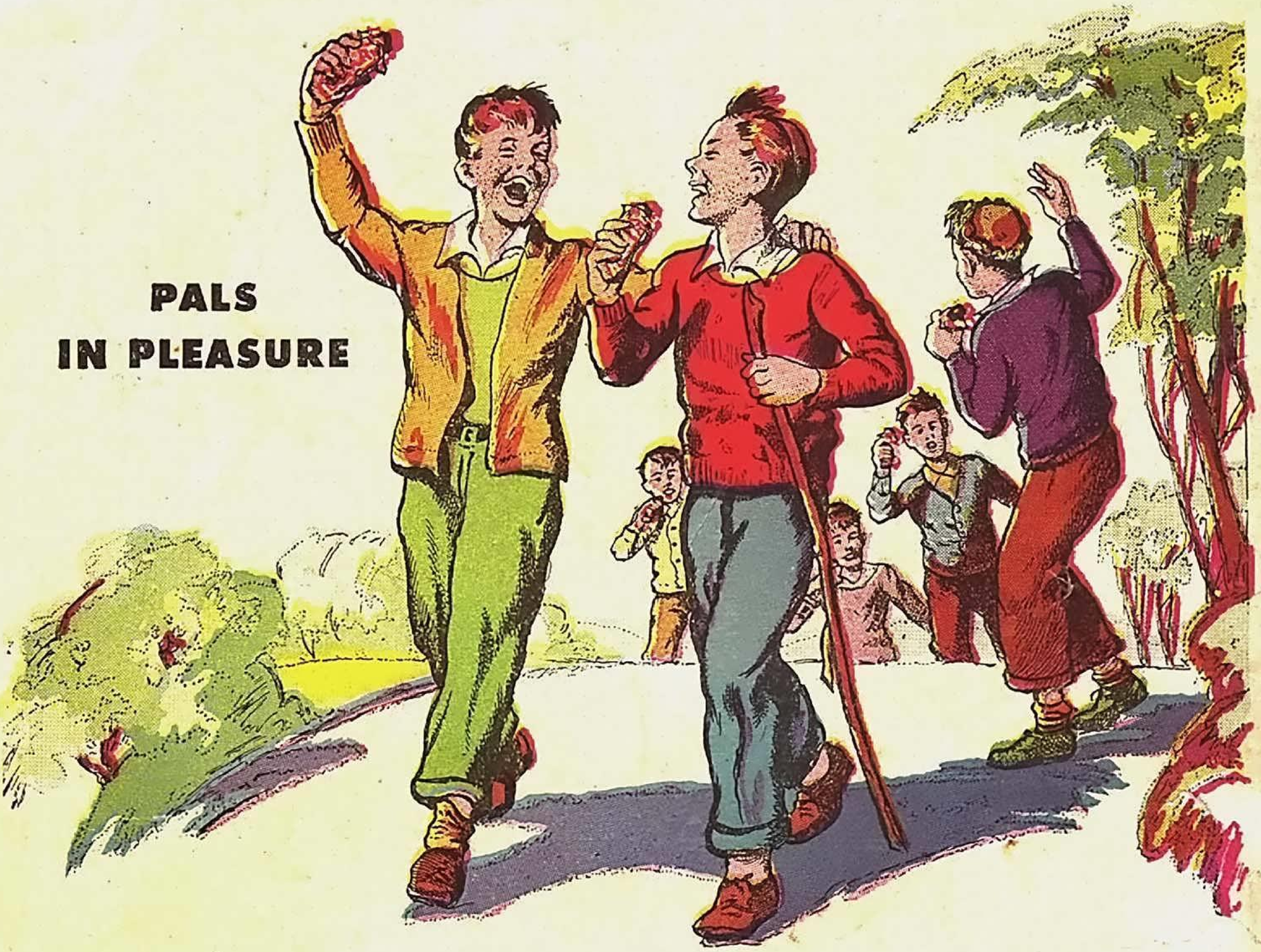

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